

a tribe called QUEST

midnight marauders



# **A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics**

## **"Midnight Marauders Tour Guide"**

Hello, this is your Midnight Marauder program.

I am on the front of your cover.

I will be enhancing your cassette and CD with certain facts that you may find  
beneficial

The average bounce meter for your Midnight Marauder program will be In the area  
of 95 b.p.m.

We hope that you will find our presentation precise, base-heavy, and just right.

Thanks

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Steve Biko (Stir It Up)"

[Phife]

Linden Boulevard represent, represent  
Tribe Called Quest represent, represent  
When the mic is in my hand, I'm never hesitant  
My favourite jam back in the day was Eric B. for President

Rude boy composer  
Step to me you're over  
Brothers wanna flex  
You're not Mad Cobra  
MC short and black  
There ain't no other  
Trini-born black like Mia Long's grandmother  
Tip and Sha they all that, Phife-Dawg ditto  
Honey tell your man to chill, or else you'll be a widow  
Did not you know that my styles are top-dollar?  
The Five-Foot Assassin knockin' fleas off his collar  
Hip-hop scholar since bein' knee-high to a duck  
The height of Mugsy Bogues, complexion of a hockey puck  
You better ask somebody on how we flip the script  
Come to a Tribe show and watch the three kids rip

[Q-Tip]

Queens is in the house represent, represent  
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent  
No tamin of the style cuz it gets irreverent  
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent

Huh-huh, here we go  
You know that I'm the rebel  
Throwin' out the wicked like God did the Devil  
Funky like your grandpa's drawers, don't test me  
We in like that, you're dead like Presley  
When we comin' through get tickets to see me  
We work for the paper so there'll never be a preemie  
Lyrics are abundant cuz we got it by the mass  
Egos are all idle cuz the music is the task  
Valenzuela on the pitch, curveball, catch it  
I think I got it locked, just smooth while I latch it  
Right  
Now I must move with the quickness  
Here comes Shaheed so we must bear the witness

[Chorus]

Stir It Up [x3]  
Steve Biko

Stir It Up [x3]

Steve Biko

[Verse 2]

[Phife]

New York City represent, represent  
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent  
The Dawg is scientific with the styles I invent  
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent

MCs like to meddle, but heres my proposition  
I let my lyrics flow, and jumped your whole position  
I'm radical with this like the man this song is after  
Yo Tip settle down, whats the reason for the laughter?

[Q-Tip]

I really cant say, I guess I laugh to keep from cryin  
So much goin on, people killin, people dyin  
But I wont dwell on that, I think I'll elevate my mental  
Thanks for these bars on the Biko instrumental

[Phife]

Yo I take it back, Im the Indian giver  
MCs take notes as I stand and deliver  
Percussion isnt less, D's wear the vest  
While they dodgin bullets, you should be dodgin Quest  
Dont get me wrong, violence is not our forte  
I just like to rhyme, kick the lyric skills like Pele  
Tip educateem, my rhymes are strictly taboo  
Fill em with some fantasies and I'll look out like Tattoo

[Q-Tip]

Okay

I am recognizing that the voice inside my head  
is urging me to be myself but never follow someone else  
Because opinions are like voices  
we all have a different kind  
So just clean out all of your ears  
these are my views and you will find that  
we revolutionize over the kick and the snare  
The ghetto vocalist is on a state-wide tear  
Soon to be the continent and then the freakin globe  
Theres room for it all as we mingle at the ball  
We welcome competition cuz it doesnt make one lazy or worn  
We gotta work hard, you know the damn card  
Try to be the fattest is the level that we strive  
Try to be the fattest also to stay alive



# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Award Tour"

*[Chorus - Dove from De La Soul:]*

We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand  
New York, NJ, NC, VA  
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand  
Oaktown, LA, San Fran, St. John

*[Q-Tip:]*

People give your ears so I be sublime  
It's enjoyable to know you and your concubines  
Niggas, take off your coats, ladies act like gems  
Sit down, Indian style, as we recite these hymns  
See, lyrically I'm Mario Andretti on the MOMO  
Ludicrously speedy, or infectious with the slow-mo  
Heard me in the eighties, J.B.'s on "The Promo"  
In my never-ending quest to get the paper on the caper  
But now, let me take it to the Queens side  
I'm taking it to Brooklyn side  
All the residential Questers who invade the air  
Hold up a second son, cause we almost there  
You can be a black man and lose all your soul  
You can be white and groove but don't crap the roll  
See my shit is universal if you got knowledge of dolo  
Or delf or self, see there's no one else  
Who can drop it on the angle, acute at that  
So, do that, do that, do that, that, that (come on)  
Do that, do that, do that, that (OK)  
Do that, do that, do that, that, that  
I'm bugging out but let me get back cause I'm wetting niggas  
So run and tell the others cause we are the brothers  
I learned how to build mics in my workshop class  
So give me this award, and let's not make it the last

*[Dove:]*

We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand  
Chinatown, Spokane, London, Tokyo  
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand  
Houston, Delaware, DC, Dallas

*[Phife Dawg:]*

Back in '89 I simply slid in the place  
Buddy, buddy, buddy all up in your face  
A lot of kids was busting rhymes but they had no taste  
Some said Quest was wack, but now is that the case?

I have a quest to have a mic in my hand  
Without that, it's like Kryptonite and Superman  
So Shaheed come in with the sugar cuts  
Phife Dawg's my name, but on stage, call me Dynomutt  
When was the last time you heard the Phife sloppy  
Lyrics anonymous, you'll never hear me copy  
Top notch baby, never coming less  
Sky's the limit, you gots to believe up in Quest  
Sit back, relax, get up out the path  
If not that, here's a dancefloor, come move that ass  
Non-believers, you can check the stats  
I roll with Shaheed and the brother Abstract  
Niggas know the time when Quest is in the jam  
I never let a statue tell me how nice I am  
Coming with more hits than the Braves and the Yankees  
Living mad phat like an oversized mampi  
The wackest crews try to diss, it makes me laugh  
When my track record's longer than a DC-20 aircraft  
So, next time that you think you want somethin' here  
Make something def or take that garbage to St. Elsewhere

*[Dove:]*

We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand  
SC, Maryland, New Orleans, Motown  
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand  
Chinatown, Spokane, London, Tokyo  
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand  
Houston, Delaware, DC, Dallas  
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand  
New York, NJ, NC, VA

Seven times out of ten we listen to our music at night, thus spawned the title of this program

The word maraud means to loot  
In this case, we maraud for ears

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "8 Million Stories"

*[Verse 1: Phife Dawg]*

Went to Carvel to get a milk shake  
This honey ripped me off of my loot case  
The car oh yeah there's money in my jacket  
Somebody broke into my ride and cold macked it  
Yo tip I tell you man the devil's trying it  
But I'm goin to stay strong cause I ain't bying it  
Tonight I'm taking Sherry out  
I don't have jack to wear  
You know I've got to look dipped in the freshest gear  
Cool I found something so I ironed it  
I think I caught up on the phone  
Oh shit I'm trying it  
Will someone tell me what did I do to deserve this?  
I think I'll pull out my suit for Sunday service.  
My little brother wants Barney, cool I'm getting it  
Took him down to Kay-Bee, they ain't sellin it  
Here we go with the crying, yo he's throwing fits  
My blood pressure blowing up, I can't take this shit  
Finally got what he wanted now he's good to go  
Again the robbers smashed, were's my radio?  
One time the car was in the shop I had to borrow see...  
They had no mercy on the car oh you he'll kill me  
Where the hell can Nicki be? I'm goin to smack her up  
I got the tickets for the Knicks and she cold stood me up  
I need to hit a hunny off yo drill pas me the phone  
Pulled out my hooker hoes, oh yo Sheela's home  
Steady smiling like a mother yo I'm wrecked to bone  
Went down on hun, she's in the red zone  
Stressed out more than one could ever be  
Forever trying to clear the sample for my new LP  
Everybody knows I go to Georgia often  
Got on a flight then I ended up in Boston  
With all these trials and tribulations yo I've been affected  
And to top it off, Starks got ejected

*[Refrain]*

*[Verse 2: Phife Dawg]*

Just last week my girl was stressing me  
Now her best friend be underssing me  
Well I was lovin her by the moon lit  
Now I'm tricking on her like Kinte'  
Bought a bag of izm from the smoke shop  
Walking towards the car, here come the damn cops  
Now I'm station bound for the thai sticks  
I bought it for my man, I don't believe this shit

Coach sat me down from the ball team  
Cause I was breakin niggaz on the inseams  
Some niggas cross town was trying to stick me  
    All I had was shorts, a dollar fifty  
    Picked up this gir in the hopty  
Just because of her rhymes she tried to soup me  
Pay for this and pay for that loot for nails and hair  
    Who the hell do you think I am, Mr. Belvedere?  
    Go and get a bloddy job then can we look cute  
Even if you get me boots, you'll neva see my loot  
    She wasn't even all of that just anothe hooker  
Took the journey that ass way, quick like Chucky Booker  
    Sometimes you got put the hoes in their freakin place  
    Just move from in front me with your botty face!

My man Mohammed in the house, huh {come on, come on}  
    Zulu Nation in the house, huh {come on, come on}  
    Sub Rock is in the house, huh {come on, come on}  
My man Skeff is in the house, huh {come on, come on}  
    Jarobi White is in the house, huh {come on, come on}  
    Bob Power in the house, huh {come on, come on}  
    My man Eric in the house, huh {come on, come on}  
    My man Lytcha in the house, huh {come on, come on}  
(Help me, help me, help me, help me, help me, help me... MUHAMMAD!)

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Sucka Nigga"

"hey sucka nigga, whoever you are" [x2]

"hey sucka nigga, hey sucka nigga

whoever you are, whoever you are"

[Q-Tip]

Aiyyo, turn it up Muhammad

Turn everything up in the headphones

so I don't lose my vocals

Yeah that's good, turn my vocals a little bit

with the upper bassline

I be hatin sucka MC's, and the sucka niggas

Posing like they hard when we know they damn card

what you figure, rhyme-wise, I do the figure eight

So concisely, musically we are the herb so sit back

and light me, inhale \*inhalation noise\*

My style is kinda fat reminescent of a whale

Young girls desires for the females dreams

I be the Abstract Poetic representin from Queens

Socially I'm not a name, black and white got game

If you came to the jam, well I'm glad you came

See, nigga first was used back in the Deep South

Fallin out between the dome of the white man's mouth

It means that we will never grow, you know the word dummy

Other niggas in the community think it's crummy

But I don't, neither does the youth cause we

em-brace adversity it goes right with the race

And being that we use it as a term of endearment

Niggas start to bug to the dome is where the fear went

Now the little shorties say it all of the time

And a whole bunch of niggas throw the word in they rhyme

Yo I start to flinch, as I try not to say it

But my lips is like the oowop as I start to spray it

My lips is like a oowop as I start to spray it

My lips is like a oowop as I start to spray the

Sucka nigga, nigga nigga

I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front

The sucka niggas, nigga nigga

I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front

The sucka niggas, nigga nigga

I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front

It's the neo-nigga of the nineties, c'mon

I be hatin sucka MC's, and the sucka niggas

Posin like they hard when we know they damn card

what you figure, rhyme-wise, I do the figure eight

So concisely, musically we are the herb so sit back  
and light me \*inhalation noise\* inhale \*echoes\*  
My style is kinda fat reminescent of a whale  
Young girls desires for the females dreams  
I be the Abstract Poetic representin from Queens  
Socially I'm not a name, black and white got game  
If you came to the jam well I'm glad you came  
See, nigga first was used down in the Deep South  
Fallin out between the dome of the white man's mouth  
It means that we will never grow, you know the word dummy  
Other niggas in the community think it's crummy  
But I don't, neither does the youth cause we  
em-brace adversity it goes right with the race  
Yo I start to flinch, as I try not to say it  
But my lips is like the oowop as I start to spray it  
My lips is like a oowop as I start to spray it  
My lips is like a oowop, yo you know the rest

The sucka niggas, niggas niggas  
I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front  
The sucka niggas, nigga nigga  
I throw the suckas in the front for the ones that front  
The sucka niggas, nigga nigga  
I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front  
Sucka niggas, nigga nigga  
Aiyyo Shaheed, take us the fuck outta here

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Midnight"

[Q-Tip:]

The night is my mind

The sun'll still shine

But the night is on my mind

So parlay while I drop this rhyme

See, Jake be gettin illy when the sun get dark

They be comin out the heads, but shit don't let me start

Their activities are plenty in nighttime(nighttime)

For the ghetto child, it seems to be the right time

See, kids be gettin stuck with jewels and fly gimmicks

Shorty see the action and then start to mimic

Runnin to the corner, the dice game is blazin

Lookin at the loot, it seems so amazin

Puts it short down, to be exact would bound

He shakes the stones in his hand, then he lets it down(uh!)

Scam money don't make none

He threw a trip on the ace, now he's out son

Hits the local bodega to woof down a hero

Son is on a 'Midnight Run' like De Niro

Spots the shorty rock standin on his block

The thieves be handlin in the pumps,so he asked it it's not

Conversation that he kicked to the shorty was a sly one

Increased intensity, his dance sure was a fly one

Took her to the crib there she ran her gib

About mind upliftment and bein positive

He yawned and he sighed til 1:05

Then he finally realized that hunny wasn't live

At least he didn't plan on buildin for the evenin'

Threw the Fila on the dome and said 'Come on yo, we leavin'

Came out on the scene as he told her to beep him

Saw his man Sam with the blunt in his hand

(Aww Shhh...!!!)You know the transaction

Brothas gettin lost in the weed satisfaction

Comin down the block man loud as (fuck)

You would swear Redman was inside the trunk

As the night seemed darker, cops is on a hunt

They interrupt ya cipher, and crush ya blunt

See you left your work at home, so they pat you down for nuthin

Why in the hell does 10-4 keep frontin?

You push to the park, even though it's still dark

The kid is nice on the hoop, he said 'I'll spot ya troop'

The night is on my mind

The sun'll still shine

But now the night is on my mind, the night is on the mind

The night is on your mind

A yo, the sun'll still shine  
But now the night is on the mind  
As for me...

I'm a nocturnal animal, God concentrates  
On a young black man, who makes the niggaz speak a shake  
The nighttime is busy, it's word to Aunt Kizzy  
It's the time we get down, yo son, you know the sound  
The flavas on the top with the rugged beat to back it  
The night makes the aura and the J can't hack it  
The way the moon dangles in the midnight sky  
And the stars dance around, a yo, I think it's fly  
Intensity, most rappers don't see it  
Spirit wise, musically, you gotta be it  
Serenity and sirens of the sounds and emotions  
In the concrete jungle and the sun don't bungle  
I think it's hard to find the words on how I feel  
I paid about a deuce twenty for the Ampex steel  
But let me slow down, I think I ran my gibs enough  
Peace out to the Nation, stay rugged and rough

The night is on my mind, the sun'll still shine  
The night is on my mind, the night is on my mind  
The night is on my mind, yeah, the sun'll still shine  
But now, uh huh, the night is on my mind  
The night is on your mind, you know the sun'll still shine  
But now the night is on the mind, yeah, the night is on my mind  
The night is on the mind, a yo, the sun'll still shine  
But now the night is on the mind, yeah, the night is on the mind  
The night is on the mind, a yo, the sun'll still shine

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "We Can Get Down"

[chorus:]

We can get down

We can, we can get down [both lines 4X]

Ah, it's like that man, it's like that (yes!)

It's like that man, it's like that (yes!) [2X]

It's like that man, it's like that

([Rakim from "My Melody":] "Why waste time on the microphone")

Check it

[Phife:]

I'm not your average MC with the Joe Schmoe flow

If you don't know me by now, you'll never know

Steppin on my critics, beatin on my foes

The plan is to stay focused, only then I can go

Straight from the heart, I represent hip hop

I be three albums deep, but I don't wanna go pop

Too many candy rappers seem to be at the top

Too much candy is no good, so now I'm closin the shop

Crushin competition like your tires on grapes

My rhymes styles be blendin like a Ron G tape

My man where ya goin? You can't escape

When the Tribe is in the house, that means nobody is safe

How can a reverend preach, when a rev can't define

The music of our youth from 1979

We rap about what we see, meaning reality

>From people bustin caps and like Mandela bein free

Not every MC be with the negativity

We have a slew of rappers pushin positivity

Hip hop will never die yo, it's all about the rap

So Marion Barry smokin crack, let's preach about that

The trash you talk won't matter, that old bogus chatter

The more that you condemn us, it only makes us phatter

When I talk, I know I'm talkin for you poppers all around

You know you love the sound, we gets down

[chorus:]

[Q-Tip:]

I'm the cherry on the top of yo ice cream

I'm the wish you thought inside your dream

Listen to the way we pulsate the jam

I'm the nigga here with the mic in hand

Styles that we present are just a few

To do away with you and your hum drum crew

This is '93 and the shit is real

Black people unite and put down your steel

Ladies make a forum on your sexual drive

Devoted to your lover and make it thrive  
The riff was of F, I'm a hip hop body  
Release the energy like the force of a shotty  
Standin on the wall with my Polo on  
Talkin to the girl with the Liz Claiborne  
Keep the poetry in my black knapsack  
Got my Timbo horse and my Doublemint pack  
Hit the city streets to enhance my soul  
I can kick a rhyme over ill drum rolls  
With a kick, snare, kicks and high hat  
Skilled in the trade of that old boom bap  
I can do a trick with the opposite breed  
I used to down 40s and smoke grain weed  
Now, I'm doin shows with half loot down  
Now it's time for me to take ya uptown

It's like that man, it's like that (yes!) [7X]  
It's like this, Shaheed!

*[Shaheed: scratching until end]*  
*[Rakim:] "Why waste time on the microphone*

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Electric Relaxation"

Relax yourself girl, please set-tle down [4X]

[Verse One: Q-Tip, Phife Dawg]

Honey, check it out, you got me mesmerized  
With your black hair and fat-ass thighs  
Street poetry is my everyday  
But yo, I gotta stop when you trot my way  
If I was workin at the club you would not pay  
Aiyyo, my man Phife Diggy, he got somthin to say

I like em brown, yellow, Puerto Rican or Haitian  
Name is Phife Dawg from the Zulu Nation  
Told you in the jam that We Can Get Down  
Now let's Knock the Boots like the group H-Town  
You got BBD all on your bedroom wall  
But I'm Above the Rim and this is how I ball  
A pretty little somethin on the New York street  
This is how I represent over this here beat  
Talkin bout you

Yo, I took you out  
But sex was on my mind for the whole damn route  
My mind was in a frenzy and a horny state  
But I couldn't drop dimes cause \*you couldnèa, relate\*

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Q-Tip, Phife Dawg]

Stretch out your legs, let me make you bawl  
Drive you insane, drive you up the wall  
Starin at your dome-piece, very strong  
Stronger Than Pride, stronger than Teflon  
Take you on the ave and you buy me links  
Now I wanna pound the putang until it stinks  
You can be my mama and I'll be your boy

Original rude boy, never am I coy  
You can be a shorty in my ill convoy  
Not to come across as a thug or a hood  
But hon, you got the goods, like Madeline Woods  
By the way, my name's Malik  
The Five-Foot Freak  
Let's say we get together by the end of the week  
She simply said, "No," labelled me a hoe  
I said, "How you figure?" "My friends told me so."

I hate when silly groupies wanna run they yap  
Word to God, hon, I don't get down like that

I'll have you weak in the knees that you could hardly speak  
Or we could do like Uncle L and swing an ep in my jeep  
Keep it in the down, yo, we keep it discrete  
See, I'm not the type to kid to have my biz in the streets

If my mom donè<sup>a</sup>, approve, then I'll just elope  
Let me sink the little man from inside the boat  
Let me hit it from the back, girl I won't catch a hernia  
Bust off on your couch, now you got semen's furniture

Shaheed, Phife and the Extra P  
Stacy, ? DJ and my man L.G.  
They know the Abstract is really soul on ice  
The character is of men, never ever of mice  
Shorty let me tell you about my only vice  
It has to do with lots of lovin and (it ain't nuthin nice)

*[Chorus]*

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Clap Your Hands"

*[Chorus scratching:]*

Clap your hands now

*[Phife:]*

Brothas know the flavs when the Quest gets loose  
Slammin sucka fuckas like the wrestler Zeus  
Crazier than Tupac in that flick called Juice  
Cock is longer than the hat worn by Dr. Seuss  
Love a girl in Daisy Dukes like them kids called Deuce  
Gets paid to sex the hoochie like my main man Luke  
Control the mic like Denzel on the girls  
Wack MCs be on the nuts like Rocket J. Squirrel  
The worst thing in the world is a sucka MC  
Favorite rap group in the world is EPMD  
Can't forget the De La, the two originality  
And if I ever went solo, my favorite MC would be me  
Phife Dawg up in the house, I give a shout out to Snoopy  
Peace to all the Questers, to hell with the groupies  
Like um, Ralph up to Potsie, Brooklyn to Dodger  
Laverne to Shirley, Rerun to Roger  
Ren to the Stimpy, Laurel to Hardy  
Q-Tip and Phifer, they mashed up the party  
Kick the rhymes and more rhymes  
Kick the beats and more beats  
We'll have you scratchin in your head, like trying all techniques  
For those who wanna oppose, just take a stand  
But for now, just shut your shit and clap your hands

*[chorus:]*

*[Q-Tip:]*

You just wanna dance man, then clap your hands  
If you venture up the wrong road, then the circumstance...  
Will be crucial, I got hundreds of rhymes that'll suit you  
So listen  
The Abstract intuition is very very worthy  
I can feel ya out from Russia to Jersey  
Can't understand, the underground, it gets deep  
The low, the Nikes, the links, the jeeps  
The women, the lingo and all the other goods  
Peace to the hoods, that keep my shit on play  
Please don't do the mute when you hear me on the juke  
Brothas know my angle, it's the Star-Spangled black banner  
Hook up the beats at the funk manner  
If want a roll, then dough I be rakin  
The scope is on the world, cuz it's mine for the takin  
You know I'm gonna do it

My shit is rock solid, but it flows like fluid  
Chemists get confused of my ill composition  
This is the third of the new Tribe addition  
MCs be swingin, but alot of them be missin  
So shut your bloodclot and listen  
Cuz I'm bringin you the ill rendition  
I'd like to send this out to the L.E.S.  
Gotta alot of rhythm and style and finesse  
Come here love, hot sex on a plat  
And when your done with that then clap

*[Chorus until end]*

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Oh My God"

[Q-tip:]

Listen up everybody the bottom line

I'm a black intellect, but unrefined

with precision like a bullet, target bound

just livin like a hooker, the harlett sounds

now when I say the harlett, you know I mean the hott

V-A-V-A-Vader, the brothers in the spot

Jalick, Jalick ya wind up ya hit

Captain of the poets, I'm the #7 pick

lick, lick, lick boy on your backside

lick, lick, lick boy on your backside

listen to the fader, Shaheed lets it glide

Tip the earthly body

heavens on my side

even in Santo Domingo

Can I gotta Gringo

we got mikes when do we go

know a little nigga who can ryhme when you ask me

short, dark, and plus his voice is raspy

Phife Dawg

1 for the treble

2 for the bass

you know the style Tip

it's time to flip this

I like my beats hard like two day old shit

steady eatin booty M.C's like cheese Grits

My man Al B. Sure, he's in effect mode

used to have a crush on Dawn from En Vogue

it's not like honey dip would wanna get with me

but just in case I own more condoms then T.L.C.

now the formula is this Me, Tip, and Ali

for those who can't count it goes 1-2-3

The answer(scratch-Damn right I'm)Hiccup is how i be

brothers find it's hard to do but never me

some brothers try to dis my malik

you see'm ditchin me

now cure all the B.B. M.C.'s my shit is hittin

trainin gladiator, anti-hesitater

Shaheed push the fader from here to Granada

Mr. energetic, who me sound pathetic

when's the last time you heard a funky diabetic?

(I don't know man[3x])

(I don't know[2x])

[Chorus:]

(Oh My God yes, Oh my god [x10])

*[Q-Tip]*

Complimentary it be  
the theif of Poetry

I got a humdinger comin hook line and sinker  
the TIMBO hits with the prints underground  
TIMBO's on the toes, i like the way it's goin down  
down like the lady of the evenin  
when it goes in Toots just beleive the sin  
cuz Queens is the county, Jamaica is the place  
Take off your boots cuz you can't run the race

*[Chorus:]*

(Oh My God [x14])

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Keep It Rollin'"

[Verse One: Phife Dawg]

Aiyyo swing swing swing, to chop chop chop  
Yo that's the sound when MC's get mopped  
Don't come around town without the hip in your hop  
Cause when the shit hits the fan, that ass'll get dropped  
MC's wanna attack me but them punks can't cope  
I'll have you left without a job, like Isley from The Love Boat  
So money watch your mouth, or I might have to bust ya  
Battlin MC's, from JFK to Russia  
Back down to London, Sweden and Brazil  
Do a U.S. tour for three months and then a chill  
Styles be fat like Jackie Gleason, the rest be Art Carney  
People love the Dawg like the kids love Barney  
"I love you, you love me"  
The shorty Phife Dawg is your favorite MC  
So move back yaself dread, you know the element  
The Tribe is good for your health like a can of Nutriment  
MC's don't have no winds, MC's don't have no winds  
I flips you crazier than a busload of Jerry's Kids  
Your crew don't want it, man your crew don't want it  
But if you feel you can swing it, then money please bring it  
(sup) Large Professor in the house (sup)  
(sup) You know how we do (sup)  
(sup) I stay on your crew (sup)  
(whassup) like Mario Lemieux (whassup)  
(Whassup?) Peace to Ike Love  
(Sup? Hah hah) and the rest of the crew (Whassup?)  
(Whassup?) I meet you guys in front the cleaners  
Bring the blunts and the brew so

[Verse Two: Q-Tip]

Whassup kids? The Ab is speaking from the moon  
Thanks for your support, aiyyo I'll be home soon  
But the only thing I ask when I return from my task  
Is a whole bunch of beats and a Blass full of ass  
My fist stands firm because I'm, black and solid  
I open up your pores like a plate full of collards  
C'mon take it easy wouldya, easy easy  
I'm up in the gulley, that's when I am her Buddy  
She told me pull her hair, I did, it drove her nutty  
Filled up the hole like spackle or I mean putty  
When we over joints like this we never cruddy  
Extra P hooked the beat, and kids it feels luh-huh-ovely  
Check it out, cause my conception is immaculate  
A bachelor, lookin for a bachelorette

Back to you MC's, this is what your gonna get  
A first degree burn from my man Ken's cigarette  
I hope you like Malboro, Paul you know we thorough like Denver  
The beat feels like a never-end  
But all things good must, so I won't sweat it  
Drop the C's for the youthful crew, I hope you get it  
As I stand, grip this mic inside my hand  
Boy I smack you up, like I was your old grand  
so respect yourself Son, and come and gimme love  
Once again the Ab is who you think of  
So chill with the beef money, we got a Jetti

*[Verse Three: Extra P (Large Professor)]*

It's Extra P and yo Tip I'm bout to set it  
on the country once again here to win  
I'm Uptown chillin, takin in this grand master Vic blend  
from the projects, the PJ's, fuck them two DJ's  
Self mission, I had her in the ill position  
Saying "Large youse the soul brother that I'd like to  
eff with for the rest of my life" yeah yeah now check the method  
As I, proceed with what you need like Akinyele  
A whip looks complete when the tires say Firelli  
Funk monkey, one rapper fell off, now he's a junkie  
There's 8 Million Stories in the city it's a pity  
Don't fuck with the skins if she's trying to act shitty  
Shout to the Guru, Primo and Zulu Zulu  
Nation, was on a vacation, in the ghetto  
Yo Ras slow your roll I'm bout to bag this here's metal  
Rapper Nas on topic, seems we gonna rock it  
Queens represent, buy the album when I drop it (drop it)

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "The Chase Pt. II"

[BizMarkie] "I'm bout to wreck ya body and say turn the party out"  
[repeat 4X]

[Phife:]

Them can't touch me no, them can't touch me  
Them can't hold me no, them can't hold me [2X]  
([Q-Tip:]) Damn, Phife you got fat!  
Yeah, I know it looks pathetic  
Ali Shaheed Muhammad got me doing calisthenics  
Needless to say, boy I'm bad to the bone  
Making love to my mic like Jarobi on the phone  
But um, no time for jokes (what!), there's bills to be paid (what!)  
Hoes to be laid (what!), punks to be sprayed (what!)  
Chumps to attack, so my man watch your back  
Cuz '93 means skills are a must, so never lack (uh!)  
Sit back and learn, come now watch the birdie  
Your styles are incomplete, same as Vinny Testaverde  
Battlin, whenever -- hot Damn!  
Give me the microphone bwoy, one time, bam!

[Q-Tip:]

Keep it on the corner, cuz here comes the heat  
Lyrically it stays, the jazz will pace the beat  
As we proceed to elevate you, we in fo-fo  
Run and tell your dad the Abstract's the bag  
As we proceed to move your high parts, we know who has ass  
Poets got the gimmicks, but they lack the sassafras  
To make the average hardrock and cock the glock  
And roam the city streets on the jury, they hot  
I be ingredients, like sugar and candy  
If your life is broke, girl I'll be the handy-dandy  
That commends you, my fee is a shower  
For you, I'll scrub your back and I'll soap the butt-crack  
Make you shiny, spiffy in a jiff  
Fuckin with the Ab, you got the greatest of gifts  
Yo, my mic is sounding bug. Bob Power, you there?(Yeah)  
Adjust the bass and treble make my shit sound clear(echo)

[Chorus x8:]

(Q-Tip: After fourth time)  
Make you shiny, spiffy in a jiff  
Fuckin with the Ab, you got the greatest of gifts  
A-yo, my mic is sounding bug. Bob Power, you there?  
Adjust the bass and treble...OK, could you come in Tip?

[Q-Tip:]

Whoop, back yourself man. Come watch me drop it

For showing me I could do it, for showing me I can rock it  
Me not deal wit no changaram, bangaram business  
I got soul on a hymn, like Jehovah's got the witness  
Musically, the three, poetically, be me  
We in jammin on the airwaves, kids just rave  
Obey the MCs, cuz the MCs say  
We flippin more niggaz like we Super Dave  
But noticin my stature, y'all niggaz know we gotcha  
Movin to the rapture, listen how we catch ya  
Movin with the grace, here we go, let's begin  
Makin people jump out their goddamn skin  
Lyrically, we bite like we Rin Tin Tin  
Peace to Grand Pu and his many, many skins  
Don't mark with the arrow, cuz we know we get the wins  
It's the Ab, Shaheed, and the Dawg for the blend

*[Chorus until end:]*

*[Q-Tip:]*

I wanna say peace to my man Rob P, my man Jerod, and  
Skeff Anslem on the help out and we out like shout  
Nine-tre, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh...  
I don't wanna say nine-tre  
cause my man Extra P said don't say the years  
So, it's for eternity, know what I'm sayin?  
Rock rock on, everybody in Queens, rock rock on  
Everybody in Brooklyn, rock rock on  
Money Earnin Mt. Vernon, rock rock on  
Everybody in Jersey, rock rock on  
Everybody in Philly rock rock on  
Everybody in Houston, rock rock on  
Everybody LA, rock rock on  
Everybody in The Sand, rock rock on  
Everybody in Egypt, rock rock on  
Everybody Nigeria, rock rock on  
Everybody in London, rock rock on  
Everybody in Sweden, rock rock on  
Everybody in beware, rock rock on  
To the niggaz on the famous, rock rock on  
Everybody no name, rock rock on  
To the kids at Nu-Clear, rock rock on  
The Cave rock rock on. McDonald's, rock rock on

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Lyrics To Go"

[Q-Tip]

Lyrics to go (lyrics to go) uhh  
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go) ahh yeah, c'mon  
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go)  
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go) yeah yeah  
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go)

Goin on and on to the rhythmic variation  
Wakin in the morning I still represent the nation  
When I speak of nation please don't make the deviation  
Rebels of the party who create the jump sensation  
Mind is a pit of different information  
Microphone is on so of course communication  
Bogle at the party then you got the bogle-ation  
Decaptatin foes yo as if my name was Jason (c'mon)  
Makin all the fellas at the party lose composure  
Hook up the beat with the mic and it's over (original, uh!)  
A Tribe Called Quest we on the run for whatever  
Trials and tribulations that we have to endeavor  
Brothers know my steelo it's a letter to the better  
If you see a shorty that you like, then you sweat her  
Silly with the microphone, in other words I'm loco  
Six foot zero with my height, complexion cocoa  
Representin on the mic it seems to be my daily  
I can do a split and turn around like Alvin Ailey  
But when it comes to days like this I got lyrics to go

(I got lyrics to go) It's like that y'all, c'mon y'all  
Lyrics to go  
It's like that y'all, c'mon y'all  
(Lyrics to go) It's like that

[Phife Dawg]

I know it's been two years but see the Tribe was never fallin  
Would have tried for singin but that stuff was not my callin  
The mic is in effect so you know I'm never stallin  
Walkin through the door and all them suckers started haulin  
Talk a lot of trash but no one can seem to beat it  
Pull out your microphone and watch the Phifer make you eat it  
The MC's they get jealy when the girly's on my belly  
Kick a slow dance like my brother R. Kelly (bust a rhyme)  
Today's a hip-hop draft will I be top-seeded? (uhh)  
Worked too frickin hard while all the rest were gettin weeded  
Steady kickin styles so I can reach that other level (uh)  
Don't worry about gettin gassed I push the pedal to the metal  
Always wanted this cause it surely beats a scramble (right)  
I'm Jordan with the mic, huh, wanna gamble? (mmm)

This I dedicate to all the honiest that be bogle-in  
Cause at the end of the night y'know Malik will have his Trojans  
But when it comes to nights like this I got lyrics to go

Check it out y'all  
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all  
Lyrics to go  
Check it out y'all  
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all  
Lyrics to go  
Check it out y'all  
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all  
Lyrics to go  
Check it out y'all  
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all  
It's like that y'all  
Check it out y'all  
It's like that y'all  
Check it out y'all  
It's like that y'all  
Check it out here we go!

*[Q-Tip]*

Please proceed with caution cause the lyricist is fatal  
I can kick your little monkey ass like Kato (yes dread, uhh)  
Formulate your rhymes like a child forms Play-Doh (right)  
Calm and serene like the study was tayo  
Poetry machine with correct mechanisms  
Immune to disease I defeat organisms  
that are waitin in my path, I overstep the critters  
Give your ass the willies and your moms'll get the jitters (uh)  
Winners turn to losers, losers are forgotten  
Tangle in my fore with, hopes that I stop rockin  
Never will that happen only if it is permitted (uhh)  
Wait... I think somebody shitted (c'mon)  
I guess that will be me cause I'm the only one MCin  
I go for what I know doin a show for human beings  
Always try to lead yo never will I follow  
Blowin up the spot like Fred did to Rollo  
And when it comes to days like this, I got lyrics to go

Check it out y'all  
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all  
I got lyrics to go  
Everybody  
(I got lyrics to go) Ah c'mon now  
I got lyrics to go  
Ah check it out y'all  
(I got lyrics to go) It's like that now  
I got lyrics to go  
Everybody  
(I got lyrics to go) Ah c'mon now  
I got lyrics to go

Check it out y'all  
(I got lyrics to go) It's like that now  
I got lyrics to go  
C'mon y'all  
(I got lyrics to go) Everybody  
I got lyrics to go  
It's like that y'all  
(I got lyrics to go) Check it out now  
I got lyrics to go  
Ah c'mon y'all  
(I got lyrics to go) Everybody  
I got lyrics to go  
It's like that y'all  
(I got lyrics to go) Check it out now  
I got lyrics to go  
It's like that y'all  
(I got lyrics to go) Every-bo-ty  
I got lyrics to go  
It's like that y'all  
(I got lyrics to go) Ah check it out now  
It's like that y'all  
Check it now  
It's like that y'all  
Check it now  
It goes... uhh

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "God Lives Through"

[Busta Rhymes] "Oh my God!" [16X]

[Phife Dawg]

There's a million MC's that claim they want some  
But see, I create sounds that make your ears go numb  
Peace to Sayers Ave., yeah you know how we go  
My best friend Steven at the Home Depot  
Lowerton is in the house, I can't forget Southside  
Walk past MC's like that girl did the Pharcyde  
I'm labeled as the cat's meow, the MC with the know-how  
Act like you know, not now, but right now  
Beast of the East, on MC's I have a feast  
I'd eat that ass like quiche, crack a smile like Shanice  
Straight out Jamaica scene, Jamaica, Queens  
But you could find me out in Georgia, or anywhere in between  
Now if my partners don't look good, Malik won't look good  
If Malik don't look good, the Quest won't look good  
If the Quest don't look good, then Queens won't look good  
But since the sounds are universal, New York won't look good  
Picture Phife losin a battle, come on, get off it  
Put down the microphone son, surrender forfeit  
Did I hear somethin bout a crew? What they wanna do?  
You better call Mr. Babyface, so he can bring out \_The Cool in You\_  
or it'll be a sad love song being sung by Toni Braxton  
And I'll dissect you like a fraction  
Oh, you wannabe top cat MC's, I'll pop you like a zit  
You wanna be the champ, you more like Chief Some-shit  
Big up myself everytime when it comes to this  
MC's be runnin scared as if they're watchin the Exorcist  
I kick more game than a crackhead from Hempstead  
My styles are milk, man, you'd think that I was breast fed  
You know the steelo when the diggy Dawg is on the scene  
I dedicate this to all the MC's outta Queens  
that goes for Onyx, LL, Run-D.M.C.  
Akinyele, Nasty Nas and the Extra P  
You need a chart, straight up and down man, there ain't no other  
Nuff respect to all my peeps that made the album cover  
Yo, Tip don't worry Dunn you know I get the party jumpin  
Get on the mic and break em off a lil lil sumthin  
Yo, Tip don't worry Dunn you know I get the party jumpin  
Get on the mic and break em off a lil lil sumthin (Ooohh...)

[Busta Rhymes] "Oh my God!"

[Q-Tip] [over Busta Rhymes]

La, la, la, la..

Doop, doo, do, do..

La, la, la, la..  
Shooby-doop, do, do..  
La, la, la, la..  
Shooby-doo, do, do..  
You know I'm on the other, for the top 40  
Haha, you gotta do it like this..

We got the funk doody don shit, clearly it's the bomb shit  
So recognize me, kids memorize me  
Everyday, I be scroungin, really, I be loungin  
I play the down low, very very incognito  
Aries is my sign, I know that I can rhyme  
Sometimes I rhyme in riddles, plus I make the hunnies wiggle  
Intellect is the major, some heads like to wager  
The skills on the hill, overlookin dollar bills  
Man, ya crazy, thinkin you can phase me  
The Ab doesn't study near nonsense money  
Life seems to meet me, MC's seem too cheesy  
With they doody ass renditions of defeatin competition  
I rock to the roll man, yes, I'm a soul man  
Bet'cha bottom dolla, Vinia will make ya holla  
As ya stand at attention, did I forget to mention  
MC's will give me twenty, if I sense that they act funny  
Lyrics are abundant, right there, I sound redundant  
Just mentionin the fact, that the area is fat  
I dwell in the unda, so hunny, it's no wonder  
That I get plenty of tail, well I even get white  
I'ma bet hittin head crack, there money, take that  
Breakin niggaz off, cut their bank, then I'm off  
While my Nik'es match my lil hat, beat joint is mad fat  
Got the cutter of the box if a kid thinks he's ox  
For tier means creator, the poetry relator  
It's hemp, like Betsy Ross, let me tell you who's the boss

La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!")  
La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!")  
La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!") smooth it y'all  
La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!")  
La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!")

Queens got a Zoo  
Brooklyn got a Zoo  
Bronx got a Zoo  
Long Island got a Zoo  
Long Island.. got the zone  
Jersey got a Zoo  
Philly got a Zoo  
Milwaukee got a Zoo  
L.A. got a Zoo  
Oaktown got the zone

La, la, la.. [4X]  
See, I like to get down Jack